

All's well that ends well to end up with you by geeky_page

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Summary:

Another fix-it fic where not everything always goes right.

1. What almost happened

-Eddie! Eddie!-Richie's heart was beating so damn fast. Faster than ever, he could hear it in his ears. He was holding Eddie by his shirt, looking into his terrified eyes. What just happened seemed to last forever, yet ended so quickly. Richie yelling at Pennywise, Richie getting caught in deadlights, Eddie distracting Pennywise and saving Richie, Eddie almost dying. It was a matter of seconds, maybe even less. Richie opened his eyes and saw Eddie on top of him. He thanked God that Richie noticed Pennywise before he could attack Eddie. He thanked God for the adrenalin in his blood that helped him react faster and drag Eddie away.

-I'm okay,-Eddie's voice was shaky, full of tears and fear. He touched his chest, touched Richie's hand on it and looked him in the eyes,-I'm okay,Rich.

-Okay,-Richie breathed out and lost it. He started sobbing. He had never been so scared before. Fear is too weak a word to describe what he was feeling, terror too. He thought his heart would tear apart, not even as a metaphor. Richie really thought he might have a heart attack. He was a 40 year old man who smoked and drank like he had spare lungs and liver. Sport was always something that he'd start doing tomorrow and there was nothing he loved more than a good old cheeseburger from closest fast food place. His body, his mind and his mental system wasn't prepared for this at all.

-Rich, we're okay,-Eddie assured him, but he looked terrified, his hands were shaking and his voice was so weak Richie could hardly hear him,-We're both okay, we just need to finish this. We need to get out,-he said and hugged Richie, allowing him to cry on his shoulder. They didn't see the rest of the Losers and more than anything else in the world Eddie wanted to see Bill coming up and saying "It's all done, let's go home and forget about it all".

-Eds, I...,-Richie couldn't get a hold of his panic. His mind felt like a sinking ship and all he could see was the terrified eyes of someone he almost lost.

-We're okay, Richie,-Eddie cupped his face, making him look him in

the eyes. Eddie wasn't any less scared, but Richie just saved his life and the least he could do was help him get himself together. And even if that doesn't work, he'll physically drag Richie out of that shithole,-It will all be over soon, we have to go help the others.

-I know,-Richie gasped for air, trying to stop sobbing. Eddie was stroking his face, wiping his tears,-It's almost...you almost,-Eddie pressed his forehead againsts Richie's. He felt his shaky breath on his skin.

-No. Nothing happened. You saved me,-Eddie said as seriously as he could. He saw that his words had almost no effect on Richie so he did the only thing that came in his mind. He grabbed Richie's face and kissed him on the lips. He did it without thinking, without doubting. It felt right, it felt like the only right think to do. Richie froze for a second, but then responded to the kiss. His mouth slightly opened, letting Eddie in. He gently put his hand on Eddie's cheek and as seconds passed, his heart calmed.

-We have to go,-Eddie pulled away and licked his lips. He got up and offered Richie his hand.

-Yeah. Yeah,-Richie sounded better, a lot less scared. Panic let go of him, he took Eddie's hand and got up. His hand didn't leave Eddie's till the end of that horrible day. When they killed Pennywise, Eddie held it. When they ran out of the destroying house, he held it. Even when they jumped into the lake, Eddie held Richie's hand. Eddie was there, he was real, alive and well. He held his hand and looked at him from time to time, searching for sights of panic or fear, ready to comfort him.

2. Another goodbye

Now it all felt like a dream. Glorious defeat of Pennywise and the best kiss in Richie's life happened two days ago. Losers were leaving Derry one by one, each couldn't wait for their flight. Even Mike decided not to stay. He wanted a fresh start, wanted to try out the life he could have had if Pennywise never happened. Mike bought a ticket to Florida and left first, making each and every loser promise to call at least once a week. Then Bill. He went home to his wife, inviting everyone to his place whenever they feel like coming. Bill hugged them all, cried and told them how much he loved them. They all cried. Then Beverly and Ben. They left together. No one commented it, but Richie was so damn happy for them both, for Bev especially. He knew that Ben would do anything for her, he knew he would never do anything to hurt her. Beverly deserved someone like that.

The only Losers who still stayed in Derry a little longer were Richie and Eddie. Richie felt so weak after the battle that he spent most of his time in his hotel room, desperately trying to fall asleep, but every time his head touched the pillow, he started seeing things. Things that didn't happen, things that did, things that could have happened and things that almost happened. He stayed in bed because his body was exhausted, but his mind didn't want to rest. Because of that he didn't talk to Eddie. Not about the kiss, not about his future, not about anything.

Richie was half asleep when he heard a knock on his door. He got up, threw a look at the mirror, got scared of his own reflection and opened the door. Eddie was standing there. He was showered, shaved, wearing a nice suit, holding a suitcase. Richie pressed his lips and let Eddie in.

-You're leaving?-Richie asked, knowing the answer in advance.

-Yeah. My flight is in couple hours,-Eddie put his luggage on the floor and opened the window. Richie wasn't even ashamed of his messed up room. It looked horrible, but he felt worse.

-Cool. Mine is tomorrow,-Eddie nodded.

-Are you okay? You look like shit.

-Yeah, I know, I'm fine,-Richie tried to fix his hair somehow,-Derry is doing this to me,-he sat on the bed and Eddie sat beside him. They were both looking down on their shoes and thinking about their next words.

-Can't sleep?-Eddie asked. But he, too, knew the answer.

-Nope. You?

-Same. Kepp thinking about...you know.

-Yeah. Same,-Richie said quietly,-I'm gonna need a shit load of therapy now

-We all need a fucking shitload of therapy after everything we saw and did,-Richie smirked and nodded.

-Do you...do you think we'll forget it all again? Each other?-Richie asked looking up at Eddie.

-No.

-How are you so sure?

-I just know that I won't be able to forget it. Even if I want to,-Richie nodded. He felt it too, but a stinky fear of being forgotten wouldn't leave his mind. When he hugged losers as they left, he felt so loved and needed. When Eddie held his hand he felt better than ever. He just was afraid that one day he will wake up and decide to call Eddie, or anyone from the group, and they won't recognize him.

-I should go,-Eddie said looking at the clock,-I came to say goodbye,-they both got up and went to the door, but Eddie stopped in front of it and looked at Richie.

-What?

-I don't know how to even begin to thank you for what you did back

then. You saved my life, I would have-

-Don't,-Richie cut him off,-Please, don't. I did what I had to do.

-Thank you,-Eddie hugged Richie. He put his chin on Richie's shoulder and wrapped his arms around his waist,-I love you,man,-Richie closed his eyes and heavily sighed.

-I love you too,Eddie,-neither of them knew what those words actually meant to them. Eddie kept his arms around Richie for just a bit longer and then let go. He looked him right in the eyes and put his hand on Richie's cheek. Richie looked so sad and so tired. He wanted to sleep, he wanted to forget, or at least not to think about everything that happened at least for a moment. He needed rest that he couldn't get. And now the last thing that made it all tolerable was leaving him. Richie was close to crying, but he kept it together. At least Eddie was still holding his hand and looking at him the way he never looked at his wife.

-Rich, I...,-Eddie started, but his phone rang. He cursed under his breath and took the phone out of his pocket. Myra,-Sorry,-Eddie answered the call.

-Yes, I'm on my way to the airport, I'll be there soon,-he turned around, but Richie still heard every word he said,-Okay,I'll see you soon,-Eddie rushed to hang up, but Myra said those 3 words he hated hearing from her. Because he had to tell them back, had to lie,-I love you too,Myra,-Eddie closed his eyes and mumbled, but both Myra and Richie heard it. Richie would lie if he said it didn't hurt him. But not because it was a shock, or he felt betrayed and jealous. It hurt because it brought him back to Earth, where even though a person he loved held his hand and even kissed him once, he was married. And if even a near-death experience didn't convince him that all his marriage was is a big pile of trash, then nothing ever will.

-Give Myra a kiss from me,-Richie said as Eddie turned back to him, hiding his phone.

-Sure,-Eddie mumbled.

-Don't get lost,-Richie opened the door for Eddie. He smiled and hid

everything that hurt, everything that wanted to see the light. He hid it deep inside, bottled it up for Future-Richie to deal with.

-You too,-Eddie walked out, looking at Richie with sadness and weird hope in his eyes.

-Bye, Spaghetti. Call me as you get home.

-Bye, Trashmouth,-they shook hands and Eddie left.

3. Being happy for someone else is cool. But I want to be happy for myself too.

-Look who's here!-Richie walked into beautifully decorated hall and saw Mike and Bill standing in the center of it. Their faces lit up as they saw Tozier at the doors. They both opened their arms for a hug and Richie rushed to them with a smile on his lips.

-I don't think I've ever seen you in a suit,-Mikey said, looking at Richie. He gave him a pat on the shoulder and a proud smile.

-What about prom?-Bill asked.

-That asshole didn't go,-before Richie could answer for himself, Eddie chimed into conversation. They all turned to his voice and saw him standing in even better suit, holding flowers, hand in hand with his wife.

-Finally!-Bill and Mike gave their complete attention to Eddie, rushing to hug him. Richie followed them. When couple weeks ago he recieved a wedding invitation from Bev and Ben, he had only one thought. It's about damn time. Their adventure in Derry was already months ago and no matter how insistent Bill and Mike were, Losers couldn't get together again. They called and texted each other, but no one could find time for a personal meeting. Richie buried himself under a shitload of work, leaving no time for himself to think and dive back into what happened on that damn town, but no time for therapy and healing as well. Mike followed his intention and moved to Florida, occasionally traveling around states. Bill started a new book, Eddie got a raise and a new position at work and followed Richie's example about therapy. But they all found a couple of free days and flew to Chicago for Beverly and Ben. They forgot about their problems, forgot about jobs and every other excuse they had not to meet, suited up, bought gifts and faced each other. They thought it would be easier. Because as much as they loved each other, it was hard to look into these people's faces and not think about what they went through, about what they lost, about Stan.

-This is Myra,-Eddie introduced his wife. She smiled and slightly

nodded.

-It's nice to finally meet you all,-she said. Richie couldn't help but notice two things about Eddie's face and one thing about Myra's. Eddie's looked exactly like when it did during those moments his mom made him give her a kiss before leaving or embarrassed him in public. And the second thing, Eddie didn't look at Richie. At all. Meanwhile Myra was ready to burn a hole inside of Richie with her somewhat friendly gaze and a fake smile. Maybe Richie couldn't be objective when it came to Eddie's wife, but as far as he could see, she already didn't like him.

-They're such a beautiful couple, aren't they?-The wedding finally started. Richie, who unlike other losers tried to hide among the crowd, heard a voice and turned to it. Some woman, who turned out to be Ben's business partner was tearing up and smiling at newlyweds. Ben and Beverly were cutting the wedding cake, laughing and smiling.

-Yeah. They are,-Richie said, actually meaning it.

-I've known Ben for years. I've never seen him even remotely this happy. Love is wonderful, isn't it?-woman smiled at Richie.

-Yeah. For sure,-Richie mumbled in response. In Richie's experience love was wonderful for everyone but him. For him it was weird, scary and problematic. The woman finally realized that she won't get Richie to have a normal conversation and left. Richie sighed and looked around. He didn't have to worry about people seeing that he wasn't as happy as people should be on their best friend's wedding. After years as a public figure in comedy, hiding emotions became something he did without even trying. He was smiling ear to ear, cheering and saying jokes from time to time. But when he was sure that no one was watching he turned his eyes to Eddie's table and looked at him. Myra didn't even let Eddie sit next to the rest of the Losers. Eddie didn't look very happy and was worse at hiding it.

-Speeches time!-Richie didn't prepare a speech. He thought he'd be able to dodge that bullet, but turned out to be the first one on the

line to the mic. Richie looked into the hall. Beverly had the same happy but understanding smile. Ben looked crazy handsome and joyful. Richie scanned the whole hall and cleared his throat.

-Well...I didn't prepare shit but I talk for living so here goes nothing,- Richie heard a couple of weak laughs and started,-I'm sure I don't have to explain how much you two mean to me. All of you, really,- Richie corrected himself, meaning 5 particular people in this room and one that didn't get to be there,-Beverly and Ben made my childhood a lot more tolerable. And I know I was a piece of shit and never told you guys that, but I love you with my whole heart. You're everything to me and I'm so happy you finally got together because it was starting to get fucking annoying,-the “audience” laughed and Beverly ran to Richie. She had tears on her eyes, but she hugged and kissed Richie on the cheek. Ben hugged him too and Richie returned to his seat. After a couple speeches from random friends and colleagues, it was Bill's turn. He made a very awkward and heartfelt one, mentioning Stan and Georgie. All 6 of them teared up and Richie felt a strong urge to leave, not able to fake happiness anymore. Richie took another drink. He wasn't drunk yet and he wasn't planning on becoming, but it just helped to keep up his act of a person who really enjoys himself.

A slow song started playing. Bev and Ben were dancing in the middle of the hall, other couples started joining them. Eddie looked at Richie, for the first time that night and Richie looked back. Maybe it was because of the atmosphere of the wedding, maybe because of the alcohol, but for a moment Richie felt something. Something that Eddie felt too, something that was only theirs. They kept gazing into each other's eyes when Eddie got up from his table. And Richie could have sworn he looked like he was about to approach him. But instead, he took Myra's hand, smiled to her and they joined the other couples on the dance hall. Richie got up too and left. He walked away, not caring about what Bev and Ben will think, he'll explain everything later. Richie couldn't stand being there anymore, he jumped into the cab and drove to the hotel where all the losers stayed.

Notes for the Chapter:

please leave some feedback

4. Honesty pays off sometimes

Richie was sleeping when he heard very loud and very aggressive knocking on his door. He looked at the clock. 2 am. Richie got up, ready to kick whoever it was away, but when he saw very angry and very upset Eddie, he lost that urge.

-What are you doing here? It's 2 am,-Eddie stormed into the room and turned the lights on. Tomorrow's hangover already had its ways in Richie's head and bright light didn't help,-Dude!

-Where were you?-Eddie asked. Anger in his tone remained unclear to Richie.

-Here...,-Richie said

-Why did you leave? Beverly got upset.

-I'll explain it to her tomorrow.

-Well, explain it to me first,-Eddie placed his hands on his hips.

-Explain what? Where is your wife?-Eddie got even angrier after that question. If the situation was at least a little less confusing, Richie would totally make a comment on how cute Eddie looks when he's mad.

-Not your fucking business. Why did you leave?

-I was tired and didn't feel well!-Richie wondered why the hell was he supposed to make excuses to Eddie.

-You look fine to me.

-Bro, what's your problem? I want to sleep,-Richie said, but it didn't soften Eddie much. He looked just a little less pissed off and stopped for a second.

-I...I don't know if you remember, you were in shock, but back there in sewers...,-Richie didn't expect Eddie to bring it up. He thought they had a silent agreement to never talk about what happened there,-

Well, I kissed you.

-I remember,-Richie said. There was no sight of tiredness on him and no sight of anger on Eddie. They just stood in front of each other, Richie in his old pajamas, Eddie still in a tux, with a loose tie and tired eyes.

-Why do you think I did that?-Richie could see that it took Eddie a lot of courage to talk about it. He was blushing and stuttering, but dedicated to whatever he wanted to say.

-I don't know. A weird version of a slap on the face to make me get my shit together?-Richie suggested.

-Well, yeah, but no,-Richie waited for Eddie to say something else but he remained silent, looking at him.

-I don't understand,-he said.

-Do I have to say it out loud?

-I...I don't know,-Richie wanted to believe Eddie and he knew he wouldn't lie, but something just didn't click in his brain. Being loved back wasn't exactly something he was used to. Richie regretted not going to that goddamn therapy he and Eddie were talking about.

-Dude, come on,-Eddie took one small step towards Richie and was relieved when Richie didn't step back,-I'm not asking anything from you. Nothing has to change. I just wanted you to know, that's it. I needed you to know,-he said.

-I don't know what to say,-Richie avoided Eddie's eyes,-You're married.

-You know I don't love her.

-Why are you with her then?-Richie asked,-Why did you go back to her after Derry?

-I don't know. I'm a coward,-he shrugged and a sad, desperate chuckle escaped his lips. Eddie rubbed his neck and looked up at Richie.

-No, you're not,-Richie sighed. He didn't know what it was, but something was stopping him. Something he couldn't understand. Richie looked at Eddie and didn't know what to say. The pause was getting too long and Richie was scared of what Eddie may think.

-Well,-Eddie took a step back. He was swallowing tears because of Richie's silence. He was honest when he said that all he wanted was Richie to know about his feelings, he wanted him to know how loved he is, but Eddie expected another reaction. Anything, but silence,-I said what I wanted.

-Wait,-Richie said, finally,-I left the wedding because...,-Richie tried to get himself together and be as brave as Eddie. Fighting demon clowns is one thing, opening up your whole heart and confessing feelings that you've been burying deep inside since 13 years old was completely different,-It hurt seeing you with someone else,-Richie finished, not able to look at Eddie.

-Richie...,-Eddie whispered before kissing him. The kiss was different from their previous one. Now it wasn't a desperate attempt to calm down and find peace, it was a way to say everything they were afraid of saying. A way to make up for years and years apart, way to promise even more years together. Eddie deepened the kiss, stroking the hair on the back of Richie's head. They both felt like the whole world stopped existing and all the reasons not to do what they were doing did too. Fear, insecurities, Myra, nothing mattered anymore. Because they will overcome it all to be together. Now they knew that.

-Richard!-Eddie jumped off of Richie hearing his wife's voice outside of the door,-Mr Tozier!-she was knocking and yelling, like it wasn't 2 AM and they weren't in a pretty much public place.

-What the fuck?-Eddie whispered, but Richie shushed him.

-Yeah? Who's that?-he asked.

-It's Myra. Eddie's wife. Is he with you?-Richie approached the door but didn't open it.

-No. Mrs Kaspbrak, it's 2 am, what would he be doing here?-Richie looked at smiling Eddie. His lips were bright red, his hair was amazingly messed up. They felt like teenagers hiding from their parents.

-Can I check?-she asked.

-With all due respect, no. I'm not dressed and your husband is not here,-Richie said. After couple seconds he heard steps. She left.

-Isn't she charming?-Richie asked Eddie.

-Yeah,-Eddie slightly opened the door to check if she actually left.

-And why the fuck does she keep calling me Richard? Do I look that old?

-She just doesn't like you,-Eddie closed the door,-She saw your show. Not her thing.

-Well, she's about to like me way less now

-That's for sure,-Eddie pulled Richie for another kiss,-Can I stay in your room for the night?

5. The morning after

Richie allowed him to stay.

In fact, he volunteered for it. They continued making out for solid half an hour, but it didn't go any further. Richie mentioned something about not wanting to have sex with a married man and Eddie shut him up with another kiss. Turns out even a desperately in love Trashmouth had principles. Eddie fell asleep with his head on Richie's chest and woke up almost completely under him.

-I..I can't breathe, asshole,-Eddie pushed still sleeping Richie away from himself, waking him up.

-Good morning to you too,-Richie mumbled and reached for his glasses. He took them on and looked at Eddie,-You're okay?

-Yeah. I just cheated on my wife,-Eddie laid on his back, starring at Richie with his big brown eyes,-I really am,-Richie smiled and laid down next to him.

-I'd kiss you, but morning breath, you know,-Eddie chuckled, touched Richie's chin and kissed him himself.

-We gotta go to breakfast. They're waiting,-Eddie said after checking time. Richie sighed, not loving the idea of finishing this almost perfect rom-com morning and got up. This morning really was almost perfect. Almost because of the ring on Eddie's finger and a furious woman downstairs who wore the same ring. A lot had to be discussed, but neither of them wanted or knew how. They just got dressed and went downstairs, greeting Bill and Mike. Ben and Beverly already left for their amazing honeymoon somewhere on a fancy greek island. Richie and Eddie sat at the breakfast table with their friends and started talking about anything but last night. Neither Bill nor Mike seemed to be suspecting anything, but both of them noticed how much happier Richie and Eddie looked.

-There you are!-Myra appeared right behind Eddie's back. No one saw

her approaching the table, it seemed like she just grew from the ground. Mrs K put her hand on Eddie's shoulder and squeezed it so hard, Eddie dropped his spoon.

-Myra, hey,-Eddie threw a quick look full of panic at Richie and turned to his wife.

-Where were you this night?-she asked without a sight of a smile

-Yeah, we should talk,-Eddie started getting up, but his wife pushed on his shoulder making him sit back down. A plate near Eddie almost fell down from the table.

-Talk here,-she commanded.

-What?

-Talk here. I see you four are so close. No secrets from each other, huh?-Myra attentively looked at everyone at the table, stopping at Richie,-Where were you last night, Eddie?

-I...,-Eddie cleared his throat, trying not to look at his friends. Public humiliation, Myra's favorite,-I got another room.

-But you didn't!-Myra seem thrilled to have caught Eddie's lies. Her eyes lit up and her indifferent, slightly angry face turned into a grin,-I asked at the reception. You didn't get another room.

-I did, I just...,-Eddie froze. Like he always did when they fought and Myra was always somehow one step ahead. He looked at Richie, not knowing what to say.

-I got a room for him,-Tozier stepped up, confidentially looking at Myra.

-You what?-she asked. Eddie let out a sigh full of relief.

-I got a room for him,-Richie repeated.

-So last night when I asked where he was, you lied to me?-Myra gave Richie her complete attention. Eddie felt like a little kid, being discussed in third person in front of his friends. But at least Richie

defended him. He was grateful for that.

-I did. Eddie is my friend, he asked me to get him a room so I did it. He said he needed some space,-Richie shrugged.

-Space...,-Myra said. She looked back at Eddie. Kaspbrak was close to just apologizing and begging her to forgive him, the way he always did, but Richie's cold calm glance stopped him. He remained silent waiting for Myra's next move.

-Our flight is at 6,-she reminded and walked away. Eddie groaned and hid his face in his hands. He started quietly cursing under his breath and only stopped when he felt Richie's hand on his shoulder.

-You're okay?-Richie asked.

-Yeah. Thank you for that.

-That was...-Bill started,-What was that?

-Long story,-Eddie said,-I gotta go,-Eddie quickly got to his feet and walked towards the stairs, not letting Richie, Bill or Mike a chance to stop him.

Richie found Eddie in his own room. He couldn't go to his and Myra's so Richie's was the only option. All Eddie wanted was to be alone for a moment, calm down, wash his face.

-Eds?-Richie knocked on bathroom door,-You're in there?

-Yeah, give me a moment,-Eddie walked out. And though he looked fine, he wasn't.

-Are you okay?

-Yeah, I'm sorry I ran off, I just needed a second.

-It's okay, Eds,-Eddie walked past Richie, hiding his eyes. He hadn't felt that awkward and embarrassed in a while. All anger and irritation he was supposed to feel to Myra were eclipsed by sticky

feeling of humiliation. Eddie didn't want Richie to see him as a weaker one. As someone who can't stand up for himself and still hides behind the back of a stronger friend. Funny thing, that stronger friend almost always seems to be Richie.

-Do you want to talk?-Richie asked, sitting down on the bed,-Not about what just happened, but about...everything, you know?

-I don't,-Eddie sighed and sat down next to Richie,-But I think we have to.

-Yeah,-Richie reached for Eddie's hand but stopped halfway. He saw that he was still upset and embarrassed and Tozier realized that he was the who had to take over this whole conversation. It was a terrible timing, but as Myra kindly reminded, Eddie's flight was at 6 and if Richie wanted him to even consider not getting on that plane, he had to do something.

-What are we going to do?-Richie asked. Stress on We. What are we going to do. Not "Eddie, what are you going to do about that crazy wife of yours?". Not "Eddie, you have to make a choice between me and her now". Richie wanted Eddie to know that he wasn't alone in this. That Richie will support him and his decision. Whatever it is.

-I don't know,-Eddie breathed out,-I think I should get divorced,-Richie nodded,-But...are we.,-Eddie started, cut himself off and shook his head,-Do you even want this?

-This?

-M-me. Us,-Eddie almost whispered, brightly blushing,-I just stormed in yesterday and caught you off guard and it's okay if you don't want it, as I said all I wanted was for you to know how I felt,-Eddie started gibbering as he always did when he was nervous. Richie smiled at him and cupped his face.

-Eds?-he cut him off.

-Yeah?-Eddie was too nervous and overwhelmed to yell at Richie for using that name.

-Will you shut up? I want it. You, us, whatever. I want it,-he said

slowly, looking right into Eddie's eyes.

-Thank you,-Eddie hugged Richie, burying his nose in his neck,-And thank you for standing up for me.

-Always, man,-Richie kissed Eddie's forehead. After Kaspbrak completely calmed down, they talked. Richie had to put himself through an impossible task of being serious for at least an hour. They agreed that Eddie will get on that 6 pm plane with Myra, but only to get all his business with her in order. Which meant completely finish it. Richie wasn't a fan of the idea to let Eddie go the moment he got him back, but he had a feeling that it was an obstacle that they could go through.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please tell me what you thought

6. Back to the reality

Eddie's faith in himself wasn't as solid as Richie's. He got on that plane, took his seat next to his wife and tried to plan his conversation with her in his head. Myra already knew something was wrong and intended to throw a huge scene as soon as they get home. She didn't like that Eddie spent the night somewhere else without telling her. It wasn't his possible infidelity that bugged her, it was the fact that he didn't listen to her. Over the years of their marriage she slowly took control over their entire life together, over every aspect of Eddie's life she could reach, over Eddie himself. Her urge to control, to be in charge, was always covered by "love" and care she claimed to have for him. Myra convinced Eddie that she always knew better. She made him feel like a sick child again, but the worst thing was, Eddie allowed it.

-I don't understand what you are saying, Eddie,-he decided not to postpone the conversation and asked Myra to talk. Eddie didn't mention Richie in any way, he just said that they weren't good for each other. Which was never a lie.

-I think we should split,-he said.

-Split?

-Yes.

-Why?-Myra crossed her arms and raised her eyebrow. She didn't take Eddie's intention seriously. Not this time, not ever before.

-Because it's a right thing to do! We're not good together.

-And you're realizing it now?

-Yes. I mean no. I've felt it for a while now,-Myra sighed and got up from the couch.

-You're just tired from the flight, Eddie. We'll talk about it later,-she walked past him, but Eddie grabbed her hand, making her look at him.

-No. We'll talk about it now,-he said. Eddie knew that she was the only thing that kept him away from happiness, from love. He could finally be with someone who's right for him, someone who will treat him with respect and will never hurt him the way Myra did. Eddie just imagined Richie's face in his head and all his determination to end this freak show of a marriage came back.

-Let go,-Myra said through her teeth, nodding at her hand. Eddie took a step back,-Who is it?-she asked calmly.

-What?

-Who are you leaving me for?

-No one,-Eddie lied.

-I know there is someone, Eddie,-she looked him in the eyes and for a second Eddie was absolutely convinced she could read his mind,-The same person you spent the last night with.

-No,-Eddie replied, but his voice didn't sound that confident anymore.

-Whoever that is, I hope you realize it won't last,-she smirked,-Do you honestly think there is anyone except for me that could put up with you? All your issues, all your sicknesses? Do you have any idea how hard it is to be with you?-she asked and more than anything Eddie wanted her to shut up. Even if what she said was true, which it wasn't, he didn't want to hear it. But Eddie just stood there and listened to the venom that came out of Myra's mouth, leaving wounds on Eddie's heart,-Whoever that person is, they will leave you before you know it. As soon as they realize who you really are. No one else will ever love you but me,-Myra saw fear and pain in Eddie's eyes. Everything that she caused. She smiled at her work and went upstairs, leaving Eddie confused and broken.

7. In a way, doubt is a sickness too. And it can be fatal

In the morning (a little over 11 am, actually) Eddie found his phone absolutely dead. He put it on charge and went to take a shower. Eddie spent the night on the couch in his living room. Eddie thought he wouldn't sleep that night at all, but as his head touched the pillow, his eyes closed and he drifted off immediately. It was nice. He'd rather sleep than stay up and think. Think, think and think. About Myra's words, about what they meant to him, about whether they were true. Eddie didn't have to think when he was asleep and it was a salvation. He'd probably lose his mind otherwise.

Eddie's phone was blowing up. He sat on the couch and turned it on. 8 missed calls and 20 new messages. All from a new contact he created just yesterday. Richie. Eddie started reading messages, allowing his brain to distract.

“Hey, Eds. According to my calculations you're already in NY. How was the flight? You promised to call, asshole”

A small smile appeared on Eddie's face. He opened the next text.

“Boo-hoo, dickwad, where you at? I'm worried here!”

This text was followed by 3 missed calls. His phone was the last thing Eddie thought about yesterday. Richie, too, wasn't on top of his mind. Smile disappeared from Eddie's lips as memories from last night kept coming back.

“I'll just assume your phone died or you're asleep, but if you don't call me back tomorrow, I WILL call the police”

“I just came home. The flight sucked. I really wish I could talk to you right now”

“Anyway, good night, Eds. Don't forget to talk to the dragon. Miss you!”

Eddie felt tears forming in his eyes. He missed him. Richie missed him. And God, Eddie missed him too. He wished he was here right now. Strong, confident, calm. Not broken and messed up like Eddie. Richie probably would never let people walk over him, he would stand up for himself, for people and things he loved. Yeah, Richie wouldn't let his wife boss him around like that. He always knew what he wanted and how to get it. Eddie wished he could be like that.

“Morning, princess! Will you fucking reply to me already? I may fuck around and show up at your doorstep if you don't, you know that? Did you talk to Myra? How did it go? Answer meeee!”

Eddie kept on reading. He knew that he should have called or at least texted Richie, but just couldn't get himself to. Yesterday's scene was still vivid in his head. Myra's words were still ringing in his head. And a small voice saying that she was right didn't want to leave either.

“Eddie”

“EDDIE”

“EEEDDDDDIIIIIEEEE”

Richie sent few more messages just trying to reach Eddie and disappeared for a while. Next message was sent about an hour later,

at 8 am.

“Alright, I'm starting to think you're ghosting me. Which is fine, I guess. I just want to make sure you're alive and safe, okay?”

And another one.

“Seriously, Eddie, if you don't want to talk, just show me you're alive and I'll fuck off”

“Just one word would be enough, don't be such a dick, Eds”

One more missed call and silence. Richie sent his last message an hour ago and though Eddie couldn't know it, he spent that hour with his phone in his hands, waiting for a call, or a text, or anything. In his head there were only two reasons why Eddie remained unavailable. Number one - he's dead. Number two - he finally woke up and realized he didn't want to have anything in common with Richie and it was a delicate way to tell him to fuck off. Well, unfortunately the second reason didn't cancel the first one. Richie needed to make sure Eddie was fine and he decided that if that asshole doesn't show any signs of life, he will keep his promise to fuck around and show up at Kaspbrak's doorstep.

And Eddie...well. He wanted to call Richie. He needed to do it. To hear his voice, to hear something nice and comforting. Even a dirty joke would be great. Eddie didn't want to be alone. Or with Myra, which was even worse. She just left that morning. She didn't know, nor cared that she might have hurt her husband last night. For a person who claimed to care for Eddie's well-being, she seemed to forget that words can hurt worse than infections.

So Eddie just sat there. Stared at his phone, at open dialogue with Richie, at 20 unreplied messages. What if Myra was right? Richie

though he wanted to be with Eddie, he thought he had feelings for him, but the truth is, the time when they were close friends and knew everything about each other ended 27 years ago. Eddie grew up, grew old, he changed. And so did Richie. Maybe they were just rushing. Maybe Richie was in love with that 13 years old version of Eddie. And maybe, just maybe, calling Richie and finding that out for sure was a right thing to do, but Eddie couldn't help but be afraid that if he does give in, if he does call him and everything they planned after Bev and Ben's wedding does happen, one day Richie will just wake up realising he got a curse for himself. A curse named Edward Kaspbrak. A difficult, selfish, cowardly man. A liability who had nothing to offer to Richie. Eddie would rather neevr spend another day with the person he loved, than let Richie see that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please leave some feedback, if you want :)

Author's Note:

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8. You don't need to save me. But would you run away with me?

-Fucking finally!-Eddie picked up the phone. When Richie almost gave up, when he already bought a phone book (who the fuck still uses them?) to find Myra's number, when he almost started calling hospitals and morgues. Eddie picked up the phone.

-Hey, Rich,-he said. And Richie suddenly wasn't mad for ghosting anymore.

-What's wrong?-he asked.

-Nothing.

-Something's wrong, I know it,-Richie insisted

-Nothing's wrong, Richie,-Eddie sighed.

-Oh shut up, you lying piece of shit. What happened?

-Nothing happened, I swear. I'm sorry I wasn't answering.

-Why weren't you?

-My phone died and I forgot to charge it,-Eddie said. And technically, he didn't lie.

-Okay. So?

-So?

-Did you talk to her?-Richie regretted the tone he used right away. Not in a billion years he'd pressure Eddie into doing something, but that's exactly what he sounded like.

-No. I mean, yes, but...ugh,-he groaned. The day was getting closer to its end. Myra was supposed to be home any moment now and Eddie had no idea how to act in front of her. It's not like he was scared, he was mostly confused. Is he supposed to be offended and give her silent treatment? Is he supposed to pretend that nothing happened?

-Eddie,-Richie stopped his train of thoughts.

-Yeah?

-Tell me what happened. Please?

-It's nothing,-Eddie sat down on the couch and rubbed his eyes. All he did that day was stay at his house and think. Yet, no solution was born, no smart thought had visited his head.

-Will you stop saying that? I can hear you're upset,-Eddie went silent for a second. Even if he wanted to, he wouldn't be able to tell Richie everything he felt over a phone. He really wished he was here, with him. Eddie didn't want to be alone. Not now, not ever before. Maybe that's why his marriage lasted for so long. Eddie didn't like loneliness, Myra knew it and manipulated his fears.

-I'm okay.

-What did she tell you?-Richie ignored Eddie's lies. He was getting madder and madder. But not at Eddie. Never at him.

-A lot,-Eddie let out a sad chuckle and Richie's heart broke a little. Eddie kept repeating that he was fine for a while but then Richie got an amazing idea.

-You're on vacation right now, right?-he asked.

-Yeah, why?

-I'm going to steal you,-Richie said and Eddie could hear a smile in his voice. He imagined how Richie was sitting at home with a proud grin on his face.

-What?

-I'm going to steal you,-he repeated,-I'll come to New York and then we'll go somewhere together. Hey!-he interrupted himself,-We'll visit Mikey Boy, see how he's doing in Florida.

-Are you joking?

-I would never joke about Mike, the guy is a saint. He basically saved the whole town. Imagine if he was at least a little selfish and left like we all did

-Richie,-Eddie interrupted his rant.

-No, I'm not joking. I'm buying tickets right now and I'm not accepting no as an answer,-Richie said. He was already looking up flights online.

-Are you serious?

-Yes, Eddie, I'm serious. Can you meet me at the airport at 5 am tonight?

-You didn't even ask me if I wanted to go

-I just said I'm not accepting no as an answer,-Richie said like he was stating something obvious,-We are going to Florida, Spaghetti, and you're gonna love it.

-This is fucking insane,-Eddie laughed. Just 5 minutes ago he seriously considered cutting Richie off from his life just because his wife made him feel worthless. And now he was planning a trip to another state with him. Amazing how Richie didn't get any less crazy and spontaneous over 27 years. Eddie already loved it.

-I know aaaand that's it. I got the tickets.

-I'll pay you back

-No, you won't. Anyway, pack your bags, Eddie, my love,-Eddie smiled and blushed.

-Thank you, Rich.

-Nothing to thank me for,-Richie sighed. He wanted to say something. Something big and serious, but he was always bad at that. It would be honestly great if jokes and spontaneous surprises were enough to carry out a relationship with another person, but it wasn't. Sometimes you have to get serious, honest, vulnerable. Put yourself through everything the other person is feeling and try to find the right words

to make them hurt less. It sounded impossible, but for Eddie, Richie could do the impossible,-Eds?

-Yeah?

-You know...whatever she said to you...she's wrong. I don't know what exactly it was, but it upset you so I'm guessing it's not good.

-It's okay

-No, it's not,-Richie stopped, trying to get his head in order,-Just don't listen to her, okay? At least try not to. You're the most amazing, bravest man I've ever met. She's just afraid to lose you.

-Richie..

-Not to mention your ass!-Richie screamed into the phone,-Alright, see you at 5 am. Don't be late!-Richie hang up before Eddie could say anything else. Kaspbrak just stared at his phone and a happy smile bloomed on his face.

Notes for the Chapter:

I don't like this part at all, but I promise the next one is better. Feedback is appreciated

Author's Note:

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